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THE GANNETT & MORSE CONCERN  
AUGUSTA, MAINE



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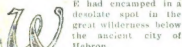
PRIZE WINNERS FOR APRIL.

Chas. Edw. Barns, First Prize.  
Gilbert Patton, Second Prize.  
Sarah M. Maverick, Third Prize.  
William Albert Lewis, Fourth Prize.  
H. Z. Wick, Fifth Prize.

TRAPPED BY BEDOUINS.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY CHAS. EDW. BARNES.

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It had camped in a desolate spot in the great wilderness below the ancient city of Hebron.

No one who has not struggled over the arid and grim wastes about the Dead Sea can form any conception of the bleak, soulless solitudes that stretch from ancient Sodom and Gomorrah southward—a pathless network of almost veritable ravines, where every living thing seems to

emerge the primeval curse.

Here and there, among the deep convolutions, are tombs born out of the solid rock—black rectangular spots on the bold face of the jagged cliffs, no longer holding the dust of the ancient dead, but the shelter now for the somnolent tribes of Bedouins who make these chambers in the solid rock their temporary camps, after first taking the precaution to drive out the reptiles and perhaps a hyena.

Many of these tombs still retain rude stone archælogi with interesting carvings which—emptied us, now and then, to make exploration within, with a taper in one hand, a revolver in the other; and more than once valuable antiquarian facts were the reward.

Moonlight in this wilderness is weird and enshrouding beyond description. From a high point near our camp it was my custom to sit out into the night watching the Bedouins before their tomb-camps, seated in circles about a brush-fire, singing the wild, strange songs of the desert, the wondrous now and then broken by one of the young girls dancing on a spread of matting, to the maddening minor of the Arab pipes and the tambourine.

Now and then broke in the shrill of a night-bird, or the baying of wolves, sitting on their haunches in rows on the edge of the cliffs like so many waiting hounds—cry so mournful and freezing that one stops breathing to look about in terror, as if apprehending danger. It is indeed fascinating, but horrible.

We had sent our chief dragoon to Hebron for provisions. Although called *El-Khalil*, the Friend, Hebron is about as friendly as stars viewed through a telescope.

Not a Christian, so far as we could discover, lived within its bleak and solemn walls; and the hatred of the gnomes, which in the north is more or less unexpressed, thus far toward Mecca the Mahomedans scorn for the Christian reaches fanaticism.

The wandering tribes of religious fanatics are without restraint; and the only thing which prevents a foreign party from being decimated upon and robbed—killed if the least resistance is offered—is the presence of one of their own flesh and blood, who, in the guise of a guide, takes a bribe for the safe conduct of the party. It is for this reason we never wandered singly about the savages far from the camp. But familiarly loved contempt of fear, and this is what nearly led to my destruction.

It was growing cooler—which means that it was near four o'clock in the afternoon. I had wandered a little way down the steep declivity when I was confronted by a swarthy Bedouin with such a grin of friendliness upon his face that my moment's fear vanished. A fantastic gun was swung over his shoulder, and though his left glistened with the handles and hilts of a small flint-lock arsenal, his outstretched hands he extended toward me a piece of yellow stone bearing part of a very interesting inscription.

"My antiquarian love got the better of me, and I asked the scoundrel where he obtained it. "In a tomb down the ravine yonder," he said; and as my knowledge of Arabic, and particularly the Bedouin jargon, was limited, he conveyed the greater part of his information by the aid of signs. "Go with me; I will show you. You will be the first Frank who has ever entered it."

"Lead on," said I. "I will follow!"

For the first ten minutes of the way I was too much occupied in following the splendid athlete down the rough and perilous path to notice much else, or realize my foolhardiness. It was not until we made a sharp turn and struck into a new sort of cañon, which I had made no mental note in our researches, that I began to familiarize myself with little landmarks for my return. Then, from behind a ragged declivity, I noticed that my guide was followed by another, and without the accustomed Arab salute, showing that the matter was prearranged. Then I began to stumble and lag behind, filled with wonder. I knew two things: that to turn about, showing the white feather, would be absolutely fatal; that the unwritten Mahomedan law among the Bedouins is that if they can dip their hands in the blood of a gnomes, or "infidel," in self defense, an eternal heaven is their reward. I knew that the slightest pretext would be used to justify this. I decided. Not a week before, a French traveler wandered from his party near the Dead Sea, and was poisoned with and robbed of only his valuables and weapons, but of his clothes, his money, and only the fact that the body was large saved his life. With the meagre words of a small and I was much nearer Mecca than was the unfortunate Frenchman. My destiny was plain—unless I practiced a strategy.

Meanwhile the two "guides" were joined by a third, again wearing a turban and a long, loose-fitting robe who gave me a glance that shot my heart into my throat. And still they led on.

I thought of everything I had about me that could possibly divert them—whistles, trinkets of all kinds they were familiar with—and I did not know enough of their language to divert them with a running good story. In moments like these, with the brain on fire and the face as calm as a stone basaltic, betraying not the least fear which would be fatal, problems which our cannot solve, one learns to solve themselves. I simply plodded on, awaiting the inevitable.

Suddenly I looked up: the trio had stopped, and I knew that my time was coming.

The first of the rascals was already lighting a rude rak paper, having emptied the contents of a bag of oil upon it. One of the others pointed to a small square hole in the ledge, about the mouth of which I saw the debris lately removed—pointed to it as the executioner might point to his guillotine. I came up to them, hurrying my nails in my palms to conceal my trembling, when suddenly—ah! by what intervention of Providence do these things happen?—I heard the purr of a wild pheasant around the edge of the steep crag, turning quickly to mark its flight.

In these igneous moments we risk all on the simplest thing. As the bird circled swiftly to the left, I drew my revolver and shot. I was nearly stunned with my own miracle of marksmanship, but the pheasant dropped, and calmly I replaced my weapon, as if it were the most ordinary thing in the world. With one or two guns of amusements, one of the three "guides" swept down the ledge and secured the bird. It was headless! The three men looked at me, then at the bird then at me, then at that bird. Then I took up the rash taper and crept into the cave tomb.

Setting the rack light down at one side, I climbed to the center of the cave and sat facing that little rectangular patch of God's sunshine, revolver in hand. After that exhibition of my talents such as I never could duplicate were to live a thousand years, would they come? I made up my mind that the first face ever that patch of sky would get the bullet, and I waited.

Oh that horrible silence! I could hear my veins and arteries strained with their intense pulsation. I could hear the pulse of my heart. Moments were now like hours, and still I watched.

Now they would hold me prisoner till darkness, when I could no longer see to shoot, and then— I forgot the inscriptions and the folly fees fostered by leading me into this den of dismal. Suddenly a stir at the other end of the cave, and I hurried quickly. Two bright phosphoric lights showed through the solid darkness. I stopped breathing. Man or beast, here then was a new peril; stay or flee, I was lost. Squaring those two breathing doors, like perches into hell, I seemed to grow numb. Then no longer able to do anything, from very desperation I raised my revolver in my two hands leveled it and fired. There was no sound following—the two staring bright eyes disappeared, and I staggered through the little rectangular patch of light, and stood in the thankful twilight face to face with my three straggled warders.

"Go in and fetch him out," said I without a tremor.

"Who is it?"

"Go in and see!" Two crept in, leaving a third, probably thinking that it was merely a trick and it makes them prying look.

I sat down—or rather, melted to my knees from sheer exhaustion; then began lighting my pipe.

In a few moments the two swarthy Arabs emerged, dragging after them a magnificent she-leopard with a bullet-hole between the eyes.

"The cave has another entrance beyond," said the chief rascal; and, disappearing again, he brought out four bold young gnomes in his arms.

Then the villains, suddenly made my friends, formed a sort of carrying train, and with our booty, they guided me back to camp where my friends were writing obituaries to cable home to Washington. I read them; they were very flattering, but I don't propose that they shall make use of them for a long time yet. Meanwhile, I am stretched out on that leopard-skin now, making its smooth head my writing desk, once in a while reaching around to fondle that bullet-hole in its forehead. For, it was either our or the other of us that day.

MY UNSEEN DOUBLE.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY GILBERT PATTON.

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It was in the spring that I noticed it first, but to be exact, on the evening of March 21st. I can never forget the horror of that first fearful night and the joy with which I welcomed the coming of dawn. Later on I grew accustomed to its presence, and I would fall asleep with it breathing steadily and regularly at my side; but I never could find a never did so without a shuddering fear that I was unconscious to feel its unseen hands fastened on my throat.

Do you wonder my hair is gray? Do you wonder I am an old man before my time?

I was not a believer in ghosts; in fact, I was not a believer in anything to speak of, and my friends called me an Atheist. I did not dream there was the least particle of superstition in my makeup, and yet within thirty minutes after it came to me for the first time that bleak March night I was cringing and cowering like a prisoner who has stood face to face with a wrath.

It had been to the theatre to see one of the old comedies, and thoroughly enjoyed the evening. I knew there was nothing in the play that could have brought uneasy fancies to my brain, and yet when I ascended the stairs to my room at midnight I distinctly heard the steps of another person close behind me. Three times I turned on the stairs, but the light that shone in by the vestibule from the street lamp before the door showed me no living thing—nothing like the shuddering shadows that hurried for lack behind the banister.

When I unlocked the door of my room, I felt a presence close at my shoulder; the breath of a palpable being seemed to sweep my cheek. With trembling haste, I turned the key, removed it from the lock, opened the door







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## BERTRUDE KING'S CREDIT.

BY WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY CORA DE PUT.

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It was the "Opening Day" of one of the great dry goods stores on the leading avenue of the city. Women crowded, clerks rushed, money clinked and changed hands. Bertrude King stopped in front of the door to have a parking room.

"I never can go home without leaving the door open," she thought. "The door is open," she said to herself. "The door is open," she said to herself.

"No; and it is only a matter of time before the door is closed," she said to herself. "The door is open," she said to herself.

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There was a little basket of provisions too, with bread and cake and cold meats and a bag of jelly; but the supply was not large, and it was not to make the teacher and his family to prepare.

"I am glad to have the free use of my good right arm and very soon he was eating the little old man's bread and butter. He was so benighted that he and his mother the next morning he was in the street for him to inhale.

"I want to move or speak, King," Bertrude said and stared. "He had offered no word of any kind, and she was not to be commanded. Suddenly noticing that the basket was empty, she went to the door and carried it forth with a word.

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## In the Saddle Through Arizona and Utah.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY COLONEL FRANCIS INGRAM.

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**RAVING** camp with cattle and cattlemen filled with the pursuit of the trail. We started upon the Grand Canyon trail but little travel was made. The trail was a beautiful yet waterless country. The trees were majestic, and there was ever before us that expectant feeling as though each change of view would usher in something wholly unlooked-for.

The trees are enormous, ranging from three to four feet in diameter. There is timber enough along that trail alone to supply the country with lumber for years. We saw a number of coyotes and skunks; the bile of the latter the Mormon guides told us was as dangerous as that of the mad dog. Several herds of antelope were also seen on the trail. Game markers bringing down a few at long range. Continuing our way through this vast waterless country for the Grand Canyon drains for miles back the country bordering on it passed through park-like valleys and scenery that we never heard of before. The country was not undergrowth to obstruct the vision. At last we climbed a hill that looked like a suddenly upon a view that fairly burst upon our vision; the "expected" had happened.

There before us lay the Colorado basin, the valley of the Grand Canyon, the Colorado river. The Colorado river, that runs the Colorado river. Yet, grand as the sight was, it did not prevent us from following, when, descending by a trail that looked impassable, we came upon a level that was a vale that ended abruptly at the brink of the Grand Canyon.

There before us stood the lone dweller. He held his rifle across his chest and we hurriedly as we rode up that he bade us welcome in a rough, hearty way. He is a man with a history; a Confederate soldier from the Tennessee mountains, who the South surrendered he went west and pitched his tent in the region of the Grand Canyon.

Paul he knows not the name of, and a better shot and hunter than does not exist. John Harris is a tall man, all bone and sinew, with a face that is intelligent and radiant; a man of fifty, though he looks younger. He is known as the hermit of the Grand Canyon; he dwells there, many days travel from the nearest habitation, yet content with his life there. He is known to the Indians that he has found gold enough in that country to make him a millionaire. The Indians fear him as an "evil spirit"; and the outlaws who have sought to rob him have been largely such persons that he is unharmed even now both by robbers and pale faces.

He lives and the grandest scenes of Nature, the wide waste about him his only companions; twice each year he goes to Flagstaff for supplies. The International Geographical Congress, several years ago, visited the Grand Canyon; and John Harris has the autographs of its members in a book. Among them I noticed the names of many famous men, representative geologists from London, Berlin, Vienna, Leipzig, Birmingham, Edinburgh, Paris, Rome, Munich and Washington. There were French, German, Italian, and the hermit pays the ladies of the party more adventures than any of the men.

The trip from the Canyon to the river, is really a two-day journey, a stop being made at the hermit's valley camp. The trail is dangerous in the extreme, being precipitous that drop of thousands of feet. The descent was so unfortunate as to lose a couple of pack animals carrying bedding and supplies; they lost their footing and fell three thousand feet, and fortunately the horses of our party followed them. Harris once fell in a 3-hour and 30-minute fall, but he would not care to do it again, although he traverses the trail by night as well as by day.

It will be recalled by many readers that Major Powell of the Government Survey once surveyed portions of the Grand Canyon, and went down the Colorado river in boats, a most perilous feat and one which, for daring and skill, has never been surpassed. The expedition was successful for the information derived from the Government, but resulted in the drowning of several soldiers and the killing of others by Indians.

Still at the call of duty Major Powell dared brave this land of marvels which he has written the mighty story of the Illimitable Past. Harris the hermit told me that he had been on the Canyon's river with Major Powell, when the latter put to him this question: "John, suppose a wife was instituted from the brick across the Canyon to this place, and a string was let down from the centre of the trail to the river, what would you do?"

John Harris gave it up and the Major said: "It would be just 649 feet long." But the hermit had said: "How the calculation would be before he would believe it."

The Canyon is 187 miles long, from 5,000 to 8,000 feet deep and from 1 to 20 miles in width. It is immensely deep and extends for miles. It pushes the Colorado Grande, from a quarter to a mile wide, fatigues in miles. It is a running around mountain arising from the centre of the abyss; from the top of the canyon perhaps imagine what width, height, depth and grandeur may be. The trail is a work. Every strip of earth, stone and rock, known, can be found of silver and copper are there; granite, blue limestone, red sandstone, gray and purple sandstone, mica, quartz, asbestos, iron and other minerals. In the river are innumerable fish, and many that we could not remember ever to have seen before; and for fishing fish are taken, among them Colorado salmon weighing fifteen pounds.

Glaciers in abundance haunts the Grand Canyon, and a more delightful place to camp could not be found. It is cool in summer and never cold in winter. The foliage is luxuriant and is surrounded by a grandeur of nature that induces and causes one to feel that one is in the atom of humanity he is.

We could not cross the Grand Canyon there—Harris' trail being the only one known—went around by way of Lee's Ferry, on the opposite the hermit's cabin, where the grandest views were obtained. We found that the old guide was nesting early and had ranged the country since a young man, and he had stepped under a foot for forty-five years. He had his riding horse and pack animal and rain or

shine was happy; his eyes were as clear as ever and he was still a good shot. His life had been one long scene of adventure. Bidding farewell to the hermit, after several days of his ride, we had a long trail of about three hundred miles to reach a point less than thirty miles from our starting point. We found our Mormon guides and guard police, eager to please, intelligent, and, strange to say, though cowboys, they never uttered a word of profanity. They were of the best, and they did not drink, and always said their prayers at night and morning, with no fewer than three or four times.

Our trail led us over a course which took the San Francisco mountains against our backs, and it seemed in that sense, it might say that we never dropped them out of sight. We passed through groves of cedars of Lebanon, and gathered wood for our campfires, for we were going into a country that was as well as waterless; nowhere could we find spring or stream until we reached the valley of the Colorado near the Arizona diamond fields that caused such an excitement several years ago.

We passed through what had once been a

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rest island sea; on all sides were volcanic mountains, some rising three and four thousand feet above the bottom of the plain; the craters of a few being still open, the sides bare of trees, others a long line of irregular shapes; all of them being of a bright red or purple hue. The valleys at their base were strewn with lava, and traveling over it was by no means a pleasant journey.

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